

SOLDIER'S ASHES GO ASTRAY

DELIVERED TO MECHANIC ON CHECK FOR HIS SUIT CASE.

Two white of Chicago supposed to have lost their tools—Crematory Vase and Coffin Plate of George Shires White Are Here—Checks Mixed Up.

A black automobile panted to get away from in front of 120 Liberty street yesterday morning while Frank Cheske, an agent of the National Metal Trades Association, helped some men get in. In the group of curious who watched the machine was an apologetic looking man with dingy clothes who carried a battered suit case.

"Does this automobile look good to you?" asked Cheske.

"Oh, maybe," grinned the man, edging closer.

"How'd you like to go to work in it?" suggested Cheske.

"Sure I would," answered he of the suit case, "but I ain't got any tools. I'm a machinist, but they switched baggage on me in Pittsburg last night. And say," continued the man, dropping his voice, "I've got a dead man in here and I've been carrying him around all morning."

"Let's see," said the agent curiously.

They carried the valise up to the office on the sixth floor and opened it. It wasn't locked. First there were some women's dresses, shirtwaists and such things. Then one of the men lifted out a copper vessel quite heavy. It was sealed with a brass tag of the Graceland Crematory, Chicago. Then they looked further and a silver plated coffin name plate came out. On it was "George Shires White, 1831-1910."

Other papers in the bag showed that it belonged to Mrs. Mary E. White of 636 Fletcher street, Chicago. There were pension papers made out to the widow and dated January, 1911. They said that White had been a veteran of the civil war and that his widow was entitled to a pension. There was also a bank book of the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank showing a balance of about \$9,000 in the woman's favor.

"My tools were all right and my clothes were with them in Pittsburg last night," explained the man. "I checked the bag in the parcel room at Pittsburg and this is what I got back at this end. I didn't know the difference until I went to get some clean things this morning on the ferryboat and then I saw this."

Cheske took the matter seriously and the applicant for work hurried away saying that he would come back to-day to see if they had found an owner. Cheske called up the Pennsylvania offices and had a man come down to make an inventory of the contents of the valise, which Cheske still holds.

At 9 o'clock last night the following telegram reached the Pennsylvania station here from Pittsburg:

"Wanted, lady's suit case with paper tag attached. Sending in its place man's suit case with clothes and tools on train No. 16. Lady very anxious." Train No. 16 reaches New York about 1 o'clock this morning.

Pittsburg, June 22.—Mrs. White was found to-night at the home of her cousin, C. C. Phillips. She arrived from Chicago, last night, intending to take the ashes to New York for interment. At the Union Station she checked her suit case and went into the restaurant for a lunch. Thirty minutes later she applied for the suit case and a suit case resembling hers was given to her.

Besides the ashes of her husband, her suit case contained several hundred dollars worth of jewelry and other valuables. She went to the ladies' waiting room, opened the case given to her to get something out of it, and found an old pair of overalls and some tools. The Pennsylvania Railroad has kept the wires busy since.

SEVEN FLIERS AT UTRECHT.

All That Are Left of the Thirty-nine Who Started in Great Circuit Race.

Utrecht, Belgium, June 22.—The aviators who are participating in the circuit aviation organized by the Paris Circuit, taking in Paris, London and cities in Belgium and Holland, started to-day on the third day of the race. This stage was from this city to Utrecht, a distance of 112 1/2 miles.

Twelve airmen took wing here, a little less than a third of those who originally started. The first aviator ascended and started for the Dutch city at 8 o'clock and the last of the dozen was on his way at 4 p.

Robert flew fast and covered the distance in 2 hours 3 min.; Vidart, in 2 hours 17 min.; Garros, in 2 hours 20 min.; Lieut. Comau, who is flying under the name of André Beaumont, crossed the finishing line one minute later.

Charles Weymann, the American, reached Utrecht a few moments after Lieut. Comau, and Kimmeling and Lieut. Comau, the latter of whom figured in the recent fatal accident to the French War Minister, brought up the rear.

The Italian, Amerigo, one of the starters, suffered a bad fall on the way, and was taken to a hospital in a somewhat serious condition. Pierre Vidéres, the winner of the Paris to Madrid race, was unable to finish owing to an accident to his machine, the cylinder of which burst when he was over Maestricht. He has returned here and will resume the contest as soon as possible in the machine which was used by Verpeet, who did not continue in the flight this morning.

A serious case of his life to the breaking of the tail when his aeroplane crashed into a field. He was injured about the head and feet and some anxiety is felt for his condition. Just as the machine was about to strike the ground the tail which had broken off, fell from the machine and he suffered death if he had been struck down with the machine.

There have been received that two aviators, Renard and Le Vasseur, were killed, but no details have been received of the accidents.

THE FINEST CANNON IN THE WORLD. Personally conducted tour covering Grand Canyon of Arizona, California, Yellowstone Park and Colorado. Special train Pennsylvania Railroad, August 1 to 10. Consult C. Studds, D. P. A., 30 11th Ave., New York.

NATIAN SCIENTIST ILL AT SEA.

C. G. Young Lands With Typhoid—Sought to Avoid Medical Treatment.

Charles G. Young, head of the engineering and contracting firm of C. G. Young & Co., with offices at 60 Wall street, was taken on a stretcher from the United Fruit liner Almirante, in yesterday from Colon and Kingston, to a private ambulance and sent to Roosevelt Hospital by his wife and several friends who met the ship at her pier. Mr. Young is ill of typhoid and being a Christian Scientist refused to take the treatment and the medicine suggested by the ship's surgeon, Dr. J. F. Hadley. He said that he was undergoing treatment by a Mrs. Sinclair, a practitioner of the cult, who is at Gatun in the Canal Zone and to whom he confided his condition just before he took the Almirante to Colon.

At Kingston, where the Almirante touched six days ago, Mr. Young was seen to be very sick with what Dr. Hadley decided was typhoid. The doctor urged the patient to take treatment, but he refused. The doctor told Capt. Henshaw of the Almirante and the latter suggested that he would try to save the patient by getting him to New York before the climacteric period of the fever arrived. That is why the Almirante made, for her, a record on the run from Kingston.

The patient became delirious two days ago and finally dropped off into unconsciousness. The doctor then decided to apply the recognized medical treatment. He did so and the patient began to mend a bit, recovering consciousness.

Mr. Young's secretary met the Almirante at Quarantine and learned that Mr. Young was still seriously ill. Mrs. Young and Mr. Young's brother-in-law, L. H. Leonard of Yonkers, arranged for the transportation to Roosevelt Hospital, where Mrs. Young is with her husband. She is of the same faith.

AUTO KILLS COLLEGE BOY.

Walter Scott Jarvis of Brooklyn Crushed Under His Own Machine.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., June 22.—Walter Scott Jarvis of 223 Jefferson avenue, Brooklyn, a junior in Trinity College, died at the Elm City Hospital here to-night as the result of an automobile accident three miles east of Milford, Conn.

Jarvis and Morton F. Crehore, Jr., also of Brooklyn and a Trinity freshman, were returning home from college and Jarvis was driving his own car. The machine was going fifty miles an hour when a rear tire burst. The car skidded and plunged through a rail fence and uprooted a twenty foot tree in an open lot.

Jarvis was pinned under the steering gear. Crehore was thrown out, but was not injured. A passing automobile hurried the injured man to the hospital, where he died ten minutes after his arrival. Jarvis was one of the most prominent young men in his class and a well known athlete.

Jarvis, whose father, a real estate man, died four years ago, lived with two aunts and two sisters. He was graduated from Williams three years ago and had been studying for the ministry a year at Trinity College in Hartford. He bought a five passenger car in April last and with it used to make week end trips home. The police of Milford notified his aunts of his death and one of them, with his sister Eleanor, went to take possession of the body. Jarvis was a graduate of Boys High in Brooklyn, had been an altar boy in St. Mary's Church in Forty-sixth street, Manhattan, and was a member of St. Paul's Church in Brooklyn.

GREAT SHOE PITCHING MATCH.

Charles W. Fairbanks, Champion, to Meet J. M. Studebaker at the Blacksmith Shop.

INDIANAPOLIS, June 22.—From South Bend comes information that J. M. Studebaker, Sr., the rich vehicle manufacturer, who will engage in a horseshoe pitching contest with Charles W. Fairbanks on Saturday, will not use an automobile to come to this city, as was first intended. Yielding to the solicitations of his South Bend friends, who want to see their townsman make a good showing in the effort to wrest the championship from Mr. Fairbanks and take it up State, he has decided to come to Indianapolis on a special train so that he may not be tired and thereby lose some of his skill in casting the winging iron.

In accepting the Studebaker challenge Mr. Fairbanks imposes several conditions, among which is one that bystanders must be kept outside the danger zone, which he predicts will be of extensive area. To settle possible disputes he also suggests an arbitration committee consisting of six Hoosiers who have not written or contemplated writing either poetry or fiction or who have not held or contemplated holding public office or who have not left the State permanently or temporarily under indictment or the fear of indictment, provided such a committee can be found.

SEAMEN'S STRIKE IS OVER.

All Companies Except the White Star Line Have Made Terms.

LONDON, June 23.—The strike of the seamen is over. All the companies whose vessels dock at Southampton with the exception of the White Star Line have reached an agreement with the strikers. This company refuses to recognize the union.

The stevedores have resumed work pending negotiations between the companies and the men.

The Anchor Line has granted an increase in wages to the crew of the California at Glasgow and she will sail on June 21.

Driver Badly Hurt in Saving Others.

YONKERS, June 22.—William Lent of 2510 Third avenue, The Bronx, a teamster employed by the Church E. Gates Lumber Company of The Bronx, was driving a heavily loaded truck in New Main street to-night when his horse took fright at a passing fire engine and ran away. He reined it against a telegraph pole to avoid running over several women and children and was so badly hurt that he may die.

Street Cars Collide; No One Much Hurt.

A southbound Seventh avenue surface car banged into a Thirty-fourth street cross-town car last night and the trucks of the cross-town car were both off the tracks. The passengers in both cars were not hurt, but the Thirty-fourth street car was badly damaged and several women passengers fainted.

BUY OFF APARTMENT HOUSE

\$2,000,000 TO PREVENT ONE ON UPPER FIFTH AVENUE.

Was to Have Been Built at Seventy-second Street—A. G. Vanderbilt and James A. Burden Interested and Plans Were Drawn—Only Private Houses Now.

The big apartment house which was to have been erected at the south corner of Fifth avenue and Seventy-second street will not be built. The site has been bought by a syndicate of adjoining owners who will resell the property with a permanent restriction from any other use than for private dwellings. The members of the syndicate and the price paid were not announced.

The property was sold in March by James A. Burden and Seth Barton French to a company in which it was said they were heavily interested, as were Alfred G. Vanderbilt and Charles Steele of J. Pierpont Morgan & Co. The site is one of the most valuable facing Central Park. It measures 115 feet on the avenue and on Seventy-second street it is 125 feet. The corner property is occupied by Mr. Burden's residence, a five story American basement dwelling on a plot 35 by 125. The adjoining 80 feet which is vacant, was owned by Mr. French. In 1909 the property was assessed at \$1,100,000. Two million dollars, it was said, might not be very far from the figure at which the property was sold yesterday. The building which was to have been erected by the Fifth Avenue and Seventy-second Street Company was to be the finest of its kind in the world. Cass Gilbert was drawing the plans and it was to cost at least \$2,000,000. Every apartment was to connect with a separate elevator and the central court was to be enclosed in glass so as to keep out the noise of the traffic along Fifth avenue. Most of the apartments were to be arranged on the duplex system, part of the rooms on one floor and part on the floor above.

One of those who planned to have apartments in this house was Mr. Vanderbilt, who has until recently occupied the Fabbi house at 11 East Fifty-second street, under lease. If the building had been put up it would be the only one of the kind on Fifth avenue from Sixtieth to Eighty-first street. At the Eighty-first street corner a fine house has been erected in which Elihu Root has leased an apartment for which he will pay about \$25,000 a year.

The nearby property owners said little, but several meetings were held and it was finally decided to buy the property. The matter was taken up with the Fifth Avenue and Seventy-second Street Company and a price put on the site. In the immediate vicinity of the property on Seventy-second street are the homes of William V. S. Thorne, Samuel Keyser, Oliver Gould Jennings, James Stillman, J. Lee Taylor, James Alexander Stillman, Mrs. Hugh J. Grant and W. Bayard Cutting. At the north corner of Seventy-first street is the residence of Mrs. E. Bayless, and on the same street are the residences of Edward H. Van Ingen, Richard M. Hoe, Jr., P. Swenson, Alexander M. Welch and Edward Van Ness. On the block below is the Lenox Library, which was purchased some time ago by Henry Clay Frick. Mr. Frick bought the plot as a site for a mansion, but it was said that since the proposal to build an apartment house at Seventy-second street he has been inclined to change his plans.

JUSTICE COHALAN BEREAVED.

His Wife Dies of a Heart Attack and Her Baby Boy Dies Also.

Mrs. Hana Cohalan, wife of Justice Daniel F. Cohalan, died suddenly yesterday afternoon at about a quarter to 5 at her home at 23 East Ninety-fourth street, shortly after the birth of a child, which lived but a little while and was baptized and named Gerald in accordance with the mother's request. Mrs. Cohalan was seized with a heart attack, to which she succumbed almost immediately in spite of all that could be done for her. She was attended by two physicians and nurses. Justice Cohalan, who had just adjourned court, was notified by telephone of his wife's serious illness and reached his home just before she died. Mrs. Cohalan's maiden name was Hana O'Leary. She was born in Carahavren, County Cork, Ireland. She was married at St. Peter and St. Paul's Church in Cork on April 27, 1899. Judge and Mrs. Cohalan were the parents of six other children, all of whom are living, their names and ages being Aileen, 10; Conn, 8; Kathleen, 7; Patrick, 4, and twin boys, Florence and Dermot, 2 years of age.

Mrs. Cohalan was educated at the Loretto Convent, Killarney. She was an accomplished musician, and had always had remarkably good health. Judge and Mrs. Cohalan had been planning to go to Ireland with their family about the middle of July for a six weeks visit. Among many who went to the house last evening were Justice Keogh and his wife, who hurried in from New Rochelle in their motor; Justice Greenbaum and his wife; George J. Gillespie, Surgeon-General Cohalan, Judge Cohalan's mother and brothers, John Quinn and other personal friends of the family. Many messages of sympathy were received.

The funeral of Mrs. Cohalan and her infant son will take place on Monday next at St. Francis de Sales Church, Ninety-sixth street between Park and Lexington avenues.

SLOW WORK ON THE MAINE.

Pumping Halted at Present—Two Months to Have Her Bones.

HAVANA, June 22.—The pumping out of the water inside the cofferdam about the wreck of the battleship Maine has been suspended while other work is carried on. Members of the board of engineers say that it was not their intention to pump out all of the water at once and that they do not expect to encounter any difficulties.

As the water is pumped out from time to time they are balancing and trimming the cylinders by dumping in stone. The engineers declare that there has been no perceptible motion in the cofferdam. It is evident, however, that the work will be long drawn out.

It is probable that the water will not all be pumped out and the mud cleared away within the next two months.

DIAMOND BROKER SLUGGED.

Robbers Get \$15,000 Worth of Gems From Los Angeles Office.

LOS ANGELES, June 22.—Robbers this morning struck down H. T. Reid, a diamond broker, as he was opening the safe in his office, left him lying unconscious and perhaps fatally wounded and escaped with diamonds worth \$15,000.

Reid is in a hospital and may not recover from his wounds. He was discovered several hours after the robbers escaped by L. W. Walker, occupying an office across an air shaft, who heard Reid groaning.

Reid was alone when a man who gave his name as Baker and who has been negotiating for several diamonds entered the office. His accomplice came in while Reid's back was turned and struck him down.

No one saw or heard the struggle, and no one saw the men leave. It is believed they got away through a tunnel beneath the store used to connect the building with the heating plant of another structure.

MRS. HARRISON ROBBED.

Widow of President Harrison Screamed and Thief Was Caught.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN. VENICE, June 22.—Mrs. Mary Scott Lord Harrison, widow of President Benjamin Harrison, had her handbag snatched from her while looking at the gondolas on the canal to-day. She screamed and the thief was arrested.

ECONOMY TO PAY FOR WRECK.

President Miller Asks Burlington Employees to Cut Expenditures.

OMAHA, June 22.—As the result of the recent wreck at Indianola, Neb., in which the loss was \$250,000, every employee of the Burlington Railroad system has been asked to perform some act of economy which he would not otherwise do.

The request comes direct from President Darius Miller and went out through the different departments to every man and woman in the employ of the system. In addition the order came to-day from President Miller to cut all expenses to the minimum.

The wreck which brought about the order happened several weeks ago. Eighteen people were killed, eighty injured, and two whole trains, including new locomotives, were demolished.

UNCONSCIOUS IN HOTEL.

Guest Registered as Bernard L. Wilson Taken to Hospital—Condition Serious.

A man registered at the Hotel Albany as Bernard L. Wilson from Cornwall on the Hudson was taken from that hotel last night unconscious. He took a room there on Tuesday, and when the maid wanted to enter on Wednesday afternoon he called out that he wanted to be left alone.

Yesterday afternoon the maid again rapped at the door and heard heavy breathing, but got no response. Last night she informed Manager Donald and he had the door of Mr. Wilson's room broken down.

At the New York Hospital the doctors said they were not able to diagnose the case, but stated that Wilson's condition was very serious and that they did not think he would live the night through. Letters were waiting for him from the New York Military Academy and from the Wilson School, both at Cornwall on the Hudson.

DR. BOSSERT KILLED BY TRAIN.

Stepped Behind a Freight Train Directly in Front of the 20th Century Limited.

UTICA, June 22.—Dr. J. H. Bossert, an osteopathic practitioner of this city, was struck and instantly killed at Herkimer to-night by the westbound Twentieth Century Limited on the New York Central Railroad. Dr. Bossert had been at Middletown on a professional call and arriving at Herkimer on the return trip left the train to board an electric car for this city. A passing freight train delayed him in crossing the tracks and as the caboose of the freight went by he stepped from behind it directly in the path of the limited. He was hurled fifty feet and instantly killed.

DIAZ VISITS FALLIERES.

He Misses the View of Chapultepec—Paris Too Nasty to Please Him.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN. PARIS, June 22.—Porfirio Diaz, ex-President of Mexico, called this afternoon upon President Fallieres.

Diaz told Minister Mier of Nuevo Leon that he missed the scenery of Chapultepec when he awakened in the morning. Paris, he said, was too noisy and he is anxious to leave for Switzerland.

LIGHTNING HITS STREET CAR.

Motorman Knocked Down, but Twenty Passengers Only Scared.

Lightning struck a southbound Ogden avenue street car at 16th street and Ogden avenue, The Bronx, at 9 o'clock last night. The bolt ran down the trolley pole and into the car.

Motorman Michael Butler was knocked away from the controller box, but was able to pull himself together and put on the air brakes. There were twenty passengers, many of them women.

Lieut. McCormick of the High Bridge police station was on the street and ran to the car. He helped quiet the passengers. The car was entirely disabled and had to be pushed to the barns.

MISS EMMET'S ST. GAUDENS.

Referee Finds That She Had a Right to Sell It to Metropolitan Museum.

Charles F. Brown, to whom was referred as special master the action brought by Augusta H. Saint Gaudens, executrix of the will of the sculptor, against Ellen Emmet, the portrait painter, reported yesterday to the United States Circuit Court that the suit should be dismissed on its merits with costs. Miss Emmet painted a portrait of Saint Gaudens and sold it to the Metropolitan Museum. The estate claimed the portrait.

The master finds that Miss Emmet owned it.

Andrews Guilty of First Degree Murder.

WARREN, Pa., June 22.—After being out an hour the jury in the case of John M. Andrews, former superintendent of the local water company, charged with the murder of Emil Amann on the night of January 21 last, brought in a verdict this afternoon of murder in the first degree.

GEORGE CROWNED

KING OF ENGLAND

Solemn Pomp in the Abbey; Enthusiastic Loyalty Without.

A MILLION LOOKERS ON

Power and Extent of the British Empire Epitomized in the Throng.

Wonderful Scene of Splendor Within the Ancient Walls at Westminster—Ceremonies Ages Old of Anointing, Nobbing and Coronation—Queen Mary Crowned After Her Husband.

Peers, Headed by the Boy Prince of Wales, Do Homage to the King. Music, Gems and Costly Fabrics Adorn the Pageant. Prayer and the Communion Service Consecrate It. Boom of Cannon Proclaims the Climax to the Waiting Multitude in the Streets—Beacon Fires Along the Coast Signal the Event All Through the British Islands—Few Mishaps.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, June 22.—George, fifth of the name, was crowned King of England to-day. The sacred historic ceremony was carried out in Westminster's ancient nave with symbolism and ritual language that bore the minds of the beholders back to the storied days of faith and chivalry, even to the time of those who lived before Alfred.

There are not lacking those who say that to-day's great ceremony was nothing more than a traditional pageant, a splendid anachronism in this modern world. Few who witnessed it could remain of that mind. Where there nothing more, then surely the whole proceeding must have been swept away ere now.

To judge by the evidence of one's eyes and ears, the truth seems to be just the opposite. The coronation of George V. appears to have gripped the imagination of the people of the entire British Empire even more than that of his well beloved father, when to affection was added deep human sympathy for the man who six short weeks before had looked death in the face.

No man of British or other blood, if his blood ran warm and red, could have seen and heard to-day's solemn rite without reverence and emotion. The English coronation rite is now the most ancient in the world, and with its simplicity and pomp it is surely the most glorious thing of its kind in the world.

In the Abbey.

George V. sat for his hallowing where English kings before him had been consecrated for more than eight hundred years. No language can exaggerate the effect of the crowning in Westminster Abbey as a state spectacle and a scene of visible symbolism. From 6 o'clock, when the doors opened, until after 9 the Abbey was a scene of ever moving pictures which silently and gradually composed themselves into one harmonious setting, only needing the addition of the central figures to complete the scene.

Great galleries stretched upward on either side of the "theatre" for the peers and peeresses and commoners of the realm. On the south side of the chancel in the choir stalls was a royal box for members of the English royal family, and on the north side of the chancel was the Judges' gallery.

The central aisle and nave were lined with superimposed galleries which were occupied by diplomats, royal representatives and other distinguished persons. These were all carpeted. The bluish gray floor was covered with a wonderful garter blue carpet of 900 square yards. On the altar stood the Abbey's glittering gold service. On a table beneath the royal box was ranged the still more magnificent gold service of St. George's Chapel at Windsor, whose burnished richness made the most brilliant color note of all.

On the sides of the galleries hung priceless old Flemish tapestries. Rare, centuries old Persian rugs lay before the thrones. Above, behind and around everything stretched the ancient gray stonework of the Abbey, the mellowed stained glass of the pointed windows blending softly with all.

When nearly seven thousand spectators had taken their seats there was to be seen as wonderful a picture of sheer color as a painter could dream of. The Abbey had lost some touch of its austerity save in the ceiling's misty heights, but there was no loss of beauty. It was light and fairlike, the dark ruby velvet of the peers and peeresses, the scarlet tunics of the soldiers and the black velvet court suits giving just sufficient strength to the

spotless ermine capes of the Judges and peers.

Pale mauves, yellows, light blues, pinks and pearly grays were chiefly displayed by the women, who, with the exception of the bareheaded peeresses, wore on their heads white feathers or white, airy rosettes with white streamers hanging behind. Tiaras glittered in the front of these and jewels sparkled on bare necks and bosoms. It was a wonderfully blended combination, in which, unless one sought for it, the detail was practically lost.

Pageant After Pageant.

From 9 to 10 o'clock not a minute passed without its picture. At 9 o'clock the white robed choir entered and stood in the chancel. Then, from the altar, the Canons of the Abbey, robed in their long, richly colored copes, took the articles of royal regalia and, preceded by the choir, which was now singing "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," bore them to the robing room at the west entrance.

At 10 o'clock all stood again as a glittering company of great foreign princes walked up the aisle and took their places in the chancel. Then followed the Diplomatic Corps, foreign envoys and minor royalties, and then in truth the choir stalls became, as it were, a map of the world stretching from Ethiopia to Japan.

Following these came another assemblage, which touched the hearts of the people within and without the Abbey as did none other to-day, not even the arrival of the King and Queen themselves. This was the group of the royal children, "the hope of England," the Prince of Wales with his sister and his brothers. They were followed by nineteen princes and princesses of the British blood royal, but all eyes were for the boy Prince and his sister and brothers.

Grave and serious looked the young Prince as he walked with a dignity beyond his years at the head of this royal group dressed in the medieval costume of the Garter. He looked every inch a prince, but the modesty and diffidence of the human boy could plainly be seen, adding, not detracting, from the princeliness of his bearing.

His chair occupied a place alone in front of the peers, facing north in the line of the throne on the raised dais and facing east the serried ranks of the spectators. The peers rose and bowed low as the Prince, before taking his seat, turned and bowed to them. The Princess Mary followed, walking alone looking truly a princess. She was well able to give effect to her long ermine lined blue train, which was held up by a lady in attendance. The downcast eyes, slightly bent head and girlish coiffure alone spoke the child. Behind her came her young sailor brother dressed as a naval cadet, and the two little princes in Highland costume.

The Duke of Connaught made a separate arrival. He bowed low to his young grandnephew, the Prince of Wales, who rose and returned the bow, as he did henceforth to all who passed him. The Duke of Connaught sat on a chair to the right of the Prince of Wales.

While waiting for the arrival of the King and Queen and during the lengthier parts of the musical service it was amusing to note how the boy peeped out in the young Prince of Wales. The peers behind him and the Duke of Connaught on his right sat with their coronets resting quietly in one hand or on their knees. The young Prince's coronet seemed to be alive.

He sat straight and calm with true princely dignity, but the coronet was evidently in a boy's hand, as any one who has seen a boy with his cap in his hand compelled to sit out a lengthy function would readily recognize.

But the Prince's coronet was calmness itself compared with his high white feathered Garter cap, which was held by a youthful page. The latter stood and sat, but the Prince's feathered cap looked as if it were suspended on an elastic in a high breeze.

At 10:45 the Abbey music ceased. A clash of bells, a roll of drums and a fanfare of trumpets without were heard, and then an expectant hush fell on the great congregation. Romantic tension made every one hold his breath. Then slowly, very slowly, the Queen's procession advanced up the aisle.

Heralded by a psalm and preceded by the clergy and great officials of her household, the bearers of her regalia and many of the nobles of her husband's subjects, she passed along an obsequious avenue of princes, lords and ambassadors. The Bishops of London and Oxford supported her on either side and six daughters of earls bore her train, on which were embroidered emblems of every portion of the British Empire.

"Vivat Maria Regina" thrice repeated by the clamant voices of the Westminster schoolboys broke the silence. It was followed by "Vivat, vivat, vivat" louder still. To the strains of the anthem "Oh, God Save the King" the Queen crossed from the north chancel to a seat in the south in front of the royal box and knelt in prayer.

His Majesty the King.

Then silence fell again, to be broken by a second roll of drums and a fanfare of trumpets. The King was coming.

The King was pale but calm. Looking neither to the left nor right he walked as one in a dream.

"Vivat Georgius Rex Imperator, vivat, vivat, vivat" came a full throated chorus thrice from the Westminster boys.

Entering the chancel from the south side the King halted before the Queen, who stood behind her falstool. Husband and wife looked for a moment into each other's eyes and then after the exchange of a grave bow the King passed to his own chair beyond the Queen's and both knelt in prayer.

The picture in the Abbey was now complete. The King and Queen, in the centre of a crowd of great ecclesiastical, knightly and noble dignitaries, stood before the congregation which was their realm in microcosm. The King advanced to the centre of the chancel and stood before St. Edward's coronation chair for the recognition. Turning to the south, west and north, the Archbishop of Canterbury three times proclaimed George "the undoubted King."

The King turned in the same direction to hear the congregation thunder the response, "God Save King George!"

Then two Bishops kneeling at a falstool which was placed in the centre of the "theatre" sang the Litany. This was followed by the first part of the communion service, the Gospel and the Nicene Creed, the King and Queen and their company turning to the eastward.

The Archbishop of York then preached a sermon from the text, "I am among you as he that serveth." In an address of eight minutes the Archbishop emphasized "the sovereignty of service."

Some portions of the service, though they may seem dull in description, were not so in reality. Each entailed some fresh breaking up of picturesque groups, some piece of stately or symbolic action. No great official moved without the ceremonial attendance of others.